

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,430

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

Fleetwood takes the stump about the first of March. So, Dr. Mead, beware of the Idea of March!

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston worked ten days, and then he gave the people of Boston a vacation from him.

The secret about the Southbridge, Mass., bank is now out—Treasurer Hall speculated in stocks. That's the story in a nutshell.

It is foolish to go to extremes in welcoming Theodore Roosevelt on his return from foreign travels, but the American people love to be foolish.

State Highway Commissioner Gates is hearing all the nice things without the necessity for hearing the things not nice since he turned around, just before entering the house of mud.

It is all very well for Mayor Gaynor of New York to drop "boards" from his city government, but not so well if he should lose his hold on any of the "planks" in his platform.

Beginning Tuesday, the rural letter carriers no longer have to "dig for the coin," literally speaking; although, figuratively speaking, they probably are no better off than the rest of us.

Two small parishes in Massachusetts have recently furnished bishops for the Roman Catholic church—Burlington and Hartford. There's inspiration for priests who are laboring in restricted circles.

Another indication that money is the root of all evil, half a million of it has led to internal dissension at Princeton university and may cause the university to lose its president and its dean.

Perhaps the duke of Manchester does not appreciate how publicity now circles the globe, just as Pick used to do. If he had realized how far his words would carry, perhaps he would not have stated that three hundred members of the House of Lords are incompetent and should be dropped from Parliament.

The Vermont state board of health is also breaking into politics, for its secretary, Doctor Holton, writes Mayor Dawley of Montpelier that he hopes for the latter's re-election. And the letter not published! That seems to be going beyond the legitimate given powers of the state board of health, however much the sentiment may be occurred in.

Was this an official letter from the board or a personal note from one of its citizen-members?—St. Albans Messenger.

We do not know in what station the writer stood when inditing the note to Montpelier's mayor, but the wish for the mayor's continued political success was expressed in connection with the commendation of him for carrying out the recommendations of the state board of health regarding the purchase of property about Berlin pond and the elimination thereby of some of the contaminating influences. There is a possibility that the letter was intended as a man-to-man felicitation, rather than as coming from an official to an official; but even in that case it really lost its standing when published in the public press. However, let our position in regard to Mayor Dawley be misunderstood, let us say that we have nothing but the most kindly feeling for him and think that he has made a pretty good mayor for Montpelier.

MODERN DEBATING.

That ponderous gravity does not always pervade the halls of Congress and that now and then the tension of maintaining pompous decorum snaps with a sharp crack, like that of cold molasses candy stretched beyond the limit, is shown by that estimable contemporary, The Congressional Record, which is noted for its purity of diction and its fidelity to the truth. In reporting the debate on the bill for the improvement of the consular service, in which Congressman Foster of Vermont was the chief speaker, the congressional mouthpiece includes the following paragraphs of interrogation and reply:

"Mr. Clark of Missouri. Let me ask the gentleman this question: Suppose the president should recommend this and the Senate should pass it, would that in any way change the constitutionality of it?"

"Mr. Foster of Vermont. Not in the least."

"Mr. Clark of Missouri. It would be simply persuasive that it was."

"Mr. Foster of Vermont. Yes, persuasive. Where we have two parties to whom belongs the appointing power willing to compromise that power the assumption is that they believe they have the constitutional right to so circumvent their power. And naturally such action would have its weight with me in determining my course."

"Mr. Clark of Missouri. One other question. Suppose the president recommended—taking an extreme case—and

the Senate unanimously passed it, and the House unanimously passed it, and the president signs it, and he goes out of office, and some president should happen to come in who did not believe the thing was constitutional and should proceed to exercise his undoubted right to appoint whomsoever he pleased, then where would your law be?"

"Mr. Henry W. Palmer. In the soup."

The Congressional Directory records not who this Mr. Henry W. Palmer is, who thus comes into the limelight of great publicity as a humorist of the first magnitude; but we suppose that he must be a person of some prominence or official position to have thus gained a position in the reported debate of the national House. In any event, the genius which lies back of the remark, "In the soup," should not be allowed to remain unmentioned to the public, which is so eager to crown the great humorists of the age; he should be brought forth and presented, that he may receive the acclaim which so rightfully belongs to him. As a debater, he takes front rank with the Choates and the Websters; as a humorist, he has Mark Twain passing "In the soup," forsooth!

CURRENT COMMENT

Submitted to Joe Battell.

Call Brother Battell's attention to the fact that a Barre driver ran over a small boy in the streets of that city the other day and did not even wait to see how badly his victim was injured. And this man was driving a sleigh, not an automobile. Why not make drivers of horses build their own separate highway because there are a few heartless men among them, just as Uncle Joe proposes automobilists shall do for the same reason. Let us be as fair with one as with the other.—St. Albans Messenger.

Why Not DeBoer?

The state press seems to be pretty well pleased with the suggestion of the name of Hon. J. A. DeBoer of Montpelier, for speaker of the next Vermont House of Representatives. Why not? Mr. DeBoer is a Washington county man and this territory is never short of the best in the line of statesmen for any job. By the way, if the state gets around to appeal to Washington county for a candidate to head the Republican state ticket this year, it will undoubtedly be accompanied with the real thing in gubernatorial timber.—Northfield News.

Supports Tracy for Sheriff.

The Montpelier Journal announces that Frank H. Tracy has decided to be a candidate for re-election as sheriff of Washington county. This decision on the part of Mr. Tracy will, the Journal believes, meet with the hearty approval of a large majority of the voters of the county, and it would be surprising if there is any Republican opposition to his re-election.

Mr. Tracy is serving his third term as sheriff and if it was simply a question of passing the office around, it would have been time for him to retire two years ago. Fortunately, however, there is a higher standard and the people of Washington county recognize the fact that the present incumbent is particularly well adapted to the administration of the duties of the office of sheriff.

While alert and faithful in his duties, Sheriff Tracy is also a humane officer. His remarkable efficiency in the administration of the business affairs of his office has been allowed to in these columns from time to time. Washington county is fortunate in the prospect of retaining Sheriff Tracy's services for another term.—Northfield News.

Printed Without Charge.

The Era this week publishes the complete text to Candidates Frederick G. Fleetwood's platform, not as advertising matter and without charge of whatever kind and with no expectation or desire of reward. It is printed the same as are thousands of other articles that appear each year in this paper for whatever of good the public may get out of them. This paper is not a large one, it hasn't the pretentious circulation on earth but it does like to be classed with newspaper, newspapers of the better class. It has never been endowed by any of the good fathers of the town and must therefore be self-supporting, consequently its advertising columns are for sale, but that's all. This paper is not for Fleetwood for governor but it is not unkind to him and he will find that he will be treated through the campaign, like the perfect gentleman he is in his columns.—Fair Haven Era.

The Cost of Electric Power.

The hoisting of reduced electric light and power rates in Brattleboro following the completion of the great Connecticut river dam was followed by a great chagrin, inasmuch as several communities in Vermont immediately took the opportunity to proclaim victory and well that although Brattleboro's electric rates may have been decreased, they were still far above the charges in those other places. The Brattleboro Reformer is clearly disgusted over the turn of affairs, although it should be stated that the Reformer was one of the first to assert that, while Brattleboro's rates

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had been reduced, they were still far from satisfied. Considering the advantages which Brattleboro's rates possess for manufacturing electricity, it seems quite reasonable, as the contemporary experts, that the rates will tumble very considerably more, until they shall have become at least on the level with Barre and Montpelier.—Barre Times.

The price of electric power in large lots is without doubt less in Brattleboro than in any other town in Vermont, so the claim of Mr. Montpelier and Barre contemporaries that those cities offer greater inducements to new industries is open to question. Manufacturers who use power in any quantity can buy direct from the Connecticut River Power company, who sell current at the rate of 25¢ a horsepower. In fact, the largest local power users already do this and more are getting ready to do so. The rates about which there has been so much talk, and as the result of which something hostile talk will soon develop, are those made by the local lighting company, which buys its juice of the Connecticut River Power company, and sells it for local light and power. The Reformer claims these rates are altogether too high and is disgusted with the so-called reduction of the Twin State company recently made, but it is not fair to compare these rates with those in other towns in setting forth comparative inducements to outside capital. Power is available in Brattleboro at rates which approximate slightly over one cent a kilowatt hour—a much lower price than exists in Burlington, Barre or Montpelier.—Brattleboro Reformer.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Forgetful.

I went into a barber shop, A little corner place. The barber must have had a drop; He laid out my face. And when he saw my face was cut, With all his might and main He seemed to "cut with heat," but I didn't stop the pain.

Next day in a forgiving mood, I took another shave.

The naughty barber by my mood With supercilious glance: "You shave yourself sometimes, I guess," The barber did observe, And I was mute, I must confess, Before such lofty nerve.

—Washington Herald.

The Reformer Speaks.

Hank Stubbs—I never could see any sense in that expression, "Six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Mike Miller—How would you have it? Hank Stubbs—Why, "Six of each," of course.—Boston Herald.

No Joke.

"If an old maid say 'No' when he proposes, is she playing the coquette?" "No, she's playing the fool!"—Cleveland Leader.

Very Likely.

Patience—What is she doing with all that money she's getting? Patience—Oh, she's saving it so she can support another husband.—Yonkers Statesman.

Strange Things.

A toller tolle. And a boiler boiler. And boils the liveliest days. But no plummer plumbs. And no summer sums. The dictionaries say. A water water. So it seems a little queer. That no crater craters. And no traitor traits. As far as one can hear.

—Youth's Companion.

Sent a Check Instead.

Why do I send this "poem" to you? Pray do not think me easy. But I'm collecting printed slips. And I've heard that yours are classy.

—Lippincott's.

Too Small to Hold All.

Mrs. Crimmonbush—Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out of the other. Mr. Crimmonbush—Well, you don't suppose my head's big enough to hold all you say!—Yonkers Statesman.

ALMOST LIFE JOB FOR \$25,000 A YEAR

B. B. Johnson President of American Base Ball League Gets a Big Raise in Salary.

Chicago, Feb. 17.—Byron Bancroft Johnson was re-elected president, secretary and treasurer of the American league for a term of 30 years at a salary said to be \$25,000 a year at the closing session of the annual schedule meeting yesterday.

The agreement under which the league has existed since November, 1900, was renewed for 30 years. In this new agreement is a clause forbidding any club, owner or holder of stock in any club to hold shares in any other club in the league except as an "emergency measure." All the other articles of the agreement were retained in the new one.

Uniform tickets with rain check coupons, practically the same as now in use in the National league, were adopted.

A schedule of 154 games opening on April 14 and closing October 9, was unanimously adopted. This schedule was the only one submitted to the meeting and was chosen without change. It was announced that the dates selected would be retained, whether the National league plays 154 or 168 games.

If the National league selects the shorter season, there will be only 10 conflicting dates between the two leagues. Eight of these will be in Chicago and two in St. Louis.

The Chicago club drew many of the choice dates, having July 4, Labor Day, 17 Sundays and 14 Saturdays.

The season will open on April 14, with the following games: St. Louis at Chicago, Cleveland at Detroit, Philadelphia at Washington and Boston at New York.

The first sectional series will open in the East on May 10, with Cleveland at Philadelphia, Chicago at Detroit, Detroit at New York and St. Louis at Boston.

While no official announcement was made that Mr. Johnson's salary had been increased from \$15,000 to \$25,000, it was said on good authority that such was the case. Mr. Johnson refused to talk of the reported salary increase.

IN HOPELESS DEADLOCK.

Over the Length of National League Schedule.

New York, Feb. 17.—The National league magnates are still deadlocked on the schedule. They convened at two o'clock yesterday afternoon and remained in session until last night unable to decide on either the 168 or 154-game schedule.

After the magnates had been in session four hours yesterday, President Lynch announced that there was a hopeless deadlock and that by consent the further consideration of the same rule had gone over until to-day. The rest of the evening session, he said, would be spent in considering the report of the rules committee.

A ballot on the schedule was taken when the meeting was first called to order. This showed that the situation was the same as Tuesday, Drayfus of Pittsburgh, Hermann of Cincinnati and Fowler of Boston favoring the short schedule of 154 games and the five or six other stock exchange houses, of Mr. Fiske and Co., and Roberts, Hall & Co., have been to appear before the governors of the exchange for their participation in the pools. Several other members of the exchange, whose connection with the movement in the shares of the company was less direct, are also to come up for trial.

EXPULSION FROM STOCK EXCHANGE.

Member of Lathrop, Haskins & Co. Loses Seat for Share in Hocking Pool.

New York, Feb. 17.—Henry S. Haskins, board member of the stock exchange firm of Lathrop, Haskins & Co., which failed with the recent collapse of the Columbus & Hocking Coal & Iron pool, was declared ineligible for re-election on the exchange yesterday because of his firm's connection with the pool. As Mr. Haskins was the only member of the firm having a seat on the stock exchange, the action yesterday is equivalent to expulsion. His seat will be held and he will never be able to become a member of the exchange again.

The report of the committee on insolvencies, submitted to the governing committee of the stock exchange late yesterday afternoon and approved by that body, says:

"The failure of the firm of Lathrop, Haskins & Co., of which Henry S. Haskins was the four member, was caused by reckless and unbusinesslike dealing and said Henry S. Haskins is declared ineligible for reinstatement."

Lathrop, Haskins & Co. were the managers of the Columbus & Hocking Coal & Iron pool, according to testimony recently brought out, and James R. Keene was declared ineligible for the same reason. Two other stock exchange houses, of Mr. Fiske and Co., and Roberts, Hall & Co., have been to appear before the governors of the exchange for their participation in the pools. Several other members of the exchange, whose connection with the movement in the shares of the company was less direct, are also to come up for trial.

When the seat of Mr. Haskins is sold by the officials of the exchange, the money derived therefrom will be applied to the settlement of any obligations due to other members. The balance, if any, will be turned over to Mr. Haskins.

Another examination will be given at Huntington March 5 for the position of fourth-class postmaster at Woodford. The compensation of the postmaster there last year was \$75 and no one seems anxious for the job this year. At the former examination held there a few weeks ago, no one appeared to take it and it was feared the postoffice would have to be discontinued.

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new sixty years old, is demonstrated by the single fact that its interest in 1909 exceeded death claims by \$74,032.40. We aim to make the insurance promise absolutely sure. 61st year. National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

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THE PASSING OF JINNY

There Was Something She Knew Before the End Came.

By LESLIE JAMES.

It was the big doctor who found her, mishapen and suffering, in her father's gloomy shop. In spite of its noise and dust, Jinny preferred the shop to the tiny back room, because the customers spoke kindly to her and made her forget the ache in her back. When they gave her candy enough to start a make believe shop on the narrow window ledge she sold it for pins to the children in the dingy court just because she loved to watch these straight limbed, bright eyed children caper about as she knew she never could.

When the big doctor brought her to the hospital he said to Nurse Powell: "I'll leave Jinny under your special care, Miss Powell. I am greatly interested in her case. The expense is being met by one perfectly able to do it, and she is to want for nothing."

And thus were the gates of an earthly paradise opened to Jinny of Borden's court. First there was the cunning little room, all her own, with pictures on the wall and the whitest of iron beds with shiny knobs on each corner and a bright red wrapper, woolly and soft, with knit slippers to match. Then came the pretty young ladies of the Flower mission, with their nodding blossoms and occasional glasses of quivering jelly. Sometimes the big doctor's nurses brought their dolls and spent an hour at Jinny's bedside, and happy Jinny was permitted to hold as long as she liked the marvelous Florette, who could walk and talk like a real baby and whose dressed really and truly came from Paris.

But in Jinny's mind all these things faded into insignificance when compared with the big doctor and Nurse Powell. These two formed a joint divinity before which Jinny burned the sweet incense of childish devotion. Nurse Powell had obeyed the physician's generous instructions to the letter, at first from a sense of duty and later because she learned to love the patient little sufferer.

And the big doctor? Even Nurse Powell, who knew his deep interest in his work, wondered at the attention he lavished on this desolate of the slums. Often when his rounds in the hospital were over and he had time to spare he would come back to Jinny's room for a chat, and Jinny, her great black eyes set in a face of ivory whiteness, would smile happily from one to the other—the big doctor who ordered medicine that eased the pain in her back and the nurse whose gentle hand could smooth away wrinkles in her forehead when the pain was at its worst.

Sometimes when they sat thus Jinny was vaguely conscious that the big doctor was talking to her, but looking at Nurse Powell. But Jinny did not know how, years before, when the big doctor, fresh from the medical school, had been home physician to the city hospital, he had met a sweet faced "probe" doing her first night duty in a ward. The head nurse had looked scornfully at the slender figure and the trembling hands, but the young house physician had said: "Give her time. She'll get her bearings after a bit."

Nurse Powell had been grateful for his cheerful encouragement and the many kindnesses which lightened her burden during that first awful year in the big wards, but when he asked for something more than gratitude she could not give it. Now head of the nurses' staff at a sanitarium, she sometimes grew weary and wished she had learned to love the big doctor whose brown eyes seemed still to follow her at her duties. Then her heart would say: "No, no! His work would always come first, and I would be second. Besides, I wonder if he has a heart! When I see him undertaking those horrible operations without the quiver of an eyelid I think he has no feeling."

And so this nurse who could unflinchingly assist at the same operations waited inconsistently for love to come into her life, a love that would be all tenderness and thoughtfulness, a thing apart from the scenes of suffering in which she moved.

It was one afternoon when Jinny had been almost a year at the hospital. In the morning the big doctor had said: "I've changed the medicine again, Miss Powell. I don't like that rise in temperature. If you note a tendency toward coma during the afternoon send for me at once."

But Nurse Powell did not have to send for him. He came of his own accord, just as the afternoon drew to a close. Jinny had been sleeping restlessly, and when she opened her eyes with an expression of weariness that had not been there since she came to the hospital the big doctor and Nurse Powell were sitting on either side of her little bed. At the foot lay a gayly illustrated copy of Mother Goose's rhymes, which Nurse Powell had been reading aloud before kindly sleep came to the small sufferer. Now Jinny pointed to it with a wren smile.

"I've had the funniest dream! I went to Mother Goose's land, way, way off, and she was such a funny old woman, and she was right glad to see me!" An' she says, 'Little girl, would you like to stay with me awhile?' And I says, 'I'm obliged to you, ma'am, but I can't stay long.' An' then she brings out the purtiest dress, purtier than my red wrapper, and she says, 'Little girl, would you like to wear that?' An' when I see the little stick all tied with

ribbons I knew it was little Bopsey's dress, and I put it on 'an' chased them sheep all round the field, and it never hurt my back a bit. An' I tried on lots uv clothes, little Miss Muffet's ruffled bonnet, an' Mary, Mary Quite Contrary's big hat, an' the Queen of Hearts's long train, an' Mother Goose's

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she says, 'Ain't you havin' a good time, little girl?'

"An' I says: 'Yes, ma'am, thankie, ma'am, but I guess I'd better be a-goin'.' You see, my big doctor 'll be 'roun' pretty soon, an' he'll miss me if I ain't in my cot. An' Nurse Powell will bring my bread an' milk, an' there won't be any little girl there to eat it. An' then Mother Goose she says, 'All right, little girl; jus' jump on my broomstick, an' we'll be down there in a jiffy.' An' here I am, an' I'm glad, for the bed feels so cumfy, an', sure enough, my big doctor is here."

The great black eyes glowed wondrous bright as they met the big doctor's gaze, and he spoke very gently while he stroked her hand, now this and now that.

"Does your back ache after your long ride on the broomstick, Jinny?" "Oh, no! The ache's all gone. There ain't been any ache all day."

The big doctor looked across the bed at Nurse Powell, but she was gazing steadily through the open window. And something bright and clear, like diamonds, shone on her long lashes.

A weak, piping voice raised again:

"No, I ain't achin' any place today, only I'm dreadful tired. An' every once in awhile you an' Nurse Powell go a-sleepin' an' a-sleepin' away from me, an' then I feel like I was a-sleepin' too. I wish Nurse Powell would sing. Then p'haps I'd go to sleep again."

Nurse Powell's quivering lips tried to form the notes of the nursery song Jinny loved best, but something rose in her throat and choked the melody.

"I wish—you'd sing—that-sleepy song."

The tired voice trailed off into silence, but not before the heavy eyes were raised appealingly to those of the white capped nurse.

The big doctor seemed to rouse himself as from a dream. He leaned over and clasped Jinny's nerveless hand in his great, warm one and then in a clear tenor voice began to sing:

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea.

The music floated over the cot, past Nurse Powell, through the open door and down the corridor to the ward, where other sufferers heard and marvelled, and over the face of Jinny stole an expression of infinite peace.

In that distant ward men who had been battling with death turned their faces toward the sinking sun and felt that even amid pain it was good just to live, and in Jinny's little room all was silent. Nurse Powell was kneeling beside the bed, her face hidden in the pillow. The little hand she still held was strangely limp and pulseless. Then a strong arm raised her to her feet, and she looked straight into the soft brown eyes that had followed her all these years patiently, steadfastly.

"Getrude!"

"Henry?"

Later, when she raised her head, she turned from him to the quiet figure on the cot.

"I almost wish you knew—she loved us both so well."

And the big doctor whispered gently, "I think she did know, even before you did."

JAPANESE ENGLISH.

A Sample Circular Composed by a Native Tradesman.

There comes from a correspondent in Japan this example of circulars in English that Japanese tradesmen sometimes compose:

"Dear Sir—I have the honour to write a letter for you that I have now established the meat market and its branch to deliver the meat as one of the branch of my slaughter house, as

which I have many cattle, their pastures, their markets, milk houses, and a slaughter house, etc., and I will have a fresh meat with the most cheapest price from my slaughter house than other butchery and especially make you many reduction for every day purchaser for month. I beg you can soon make me your order without your servant's commission, 'as you know your servant is always making money by your meat.' I will make you the pass-book for the creditor only.

"P.S.—If you handed bad meat from your servant while you are making purchases the meat from my market every day, you will soon to let it exchange by the servant without any hesitation. Please make me your order, and if you can make me order a letter I will have the postage reduction from the count of meat with kind regards. Your truly.—Boston Transcript.

THE DELUGE.